EARLY 82

146P33-1001

Storace

from "No Song, No Supper"

Royal Academy of Music Library

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2

Acrofs the downs this morning

Sung by Sig.ra Storace in

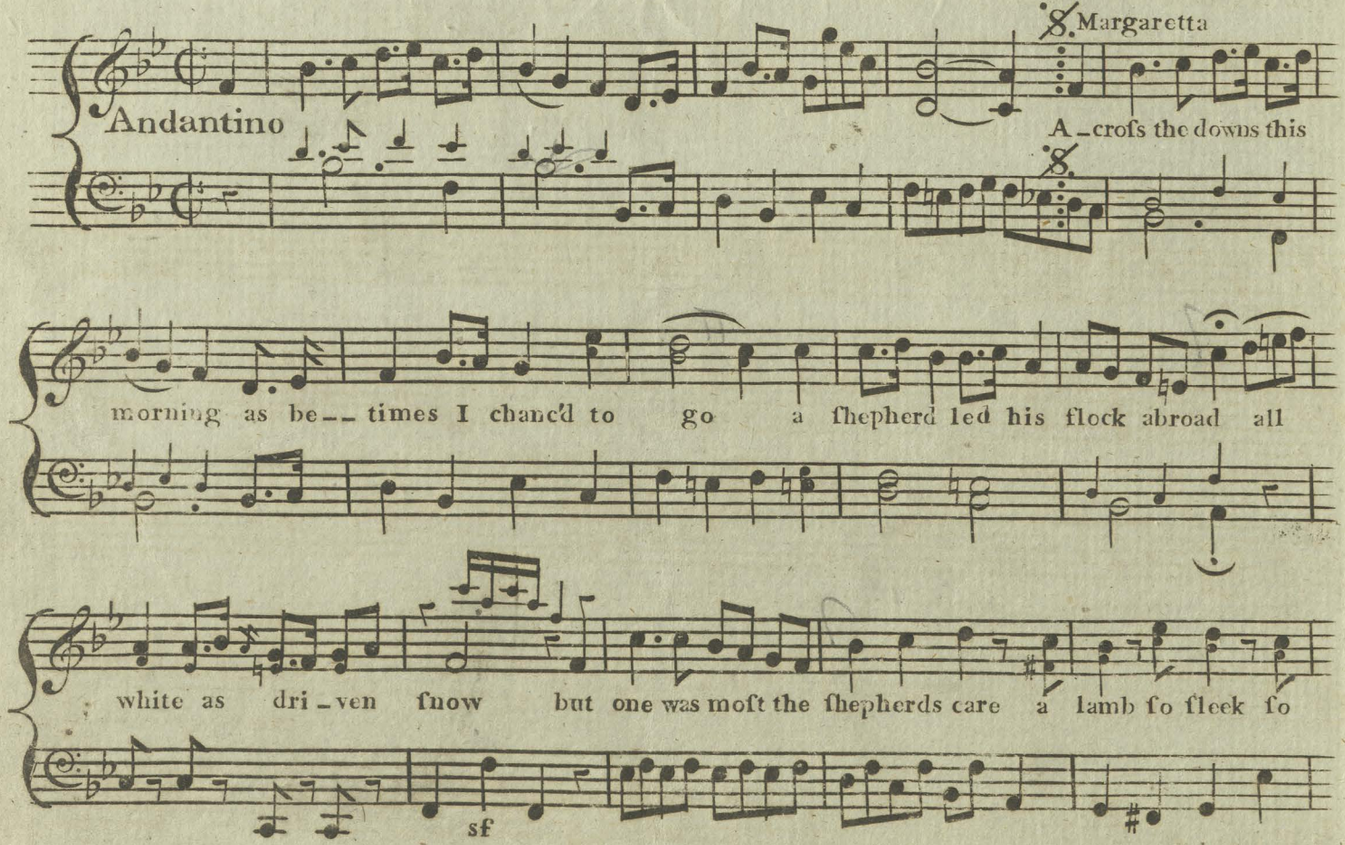
NO SONG NO SUPPER

Composed by

Stephen Storace

Entered at Stationer's Hall Price 1.s

Printed by Longman and Broderip N.o 26 Cheapside and N.o 13 Hay Market


8. Margaretta
Andantino
A-crofs the downs this
morning as be-- times I chanc'd to go a fhepherd led his flock abroad all
white as dri-ven fnow but one was moft the fhepherds care a lamb fo fleek fo
sf

150

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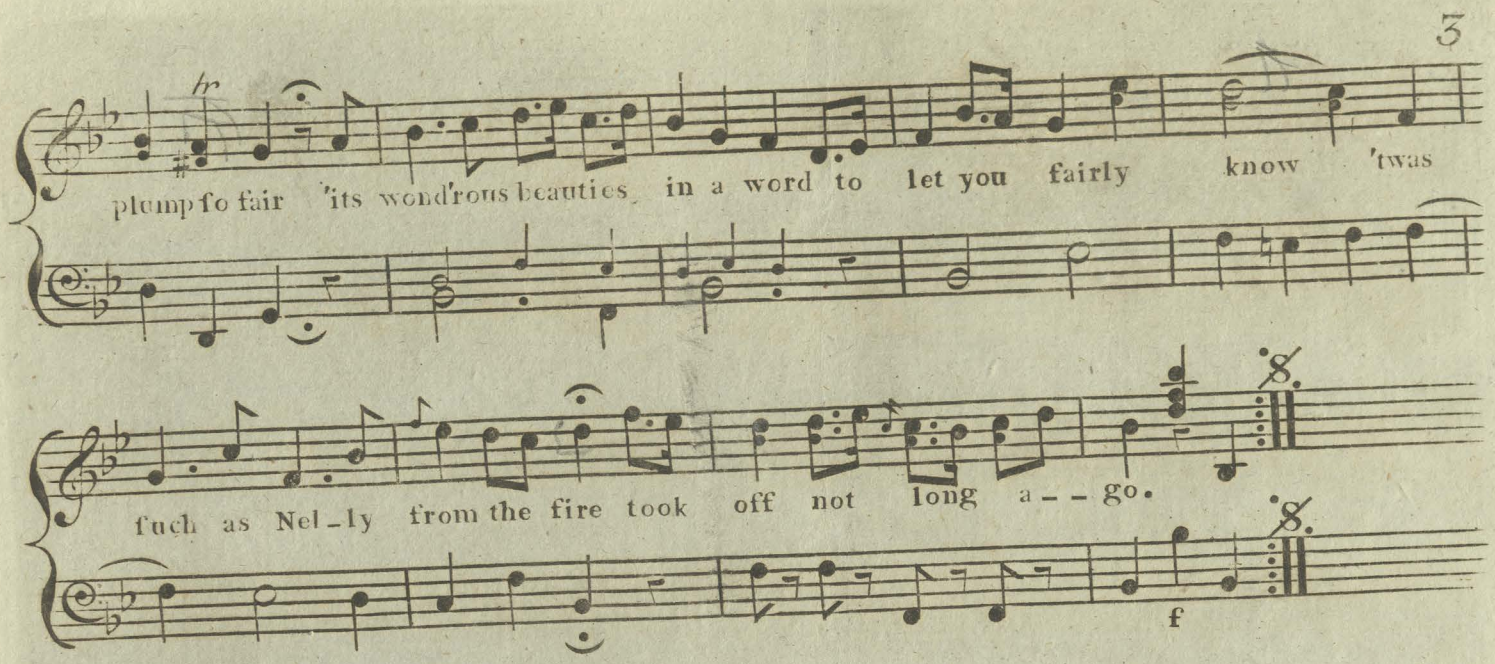

3
plump fo fair 'its wond'rous beauties in a word to let you fairly know 'twas
fuch as Nel-ly from the fire took off not long a-- go.
f

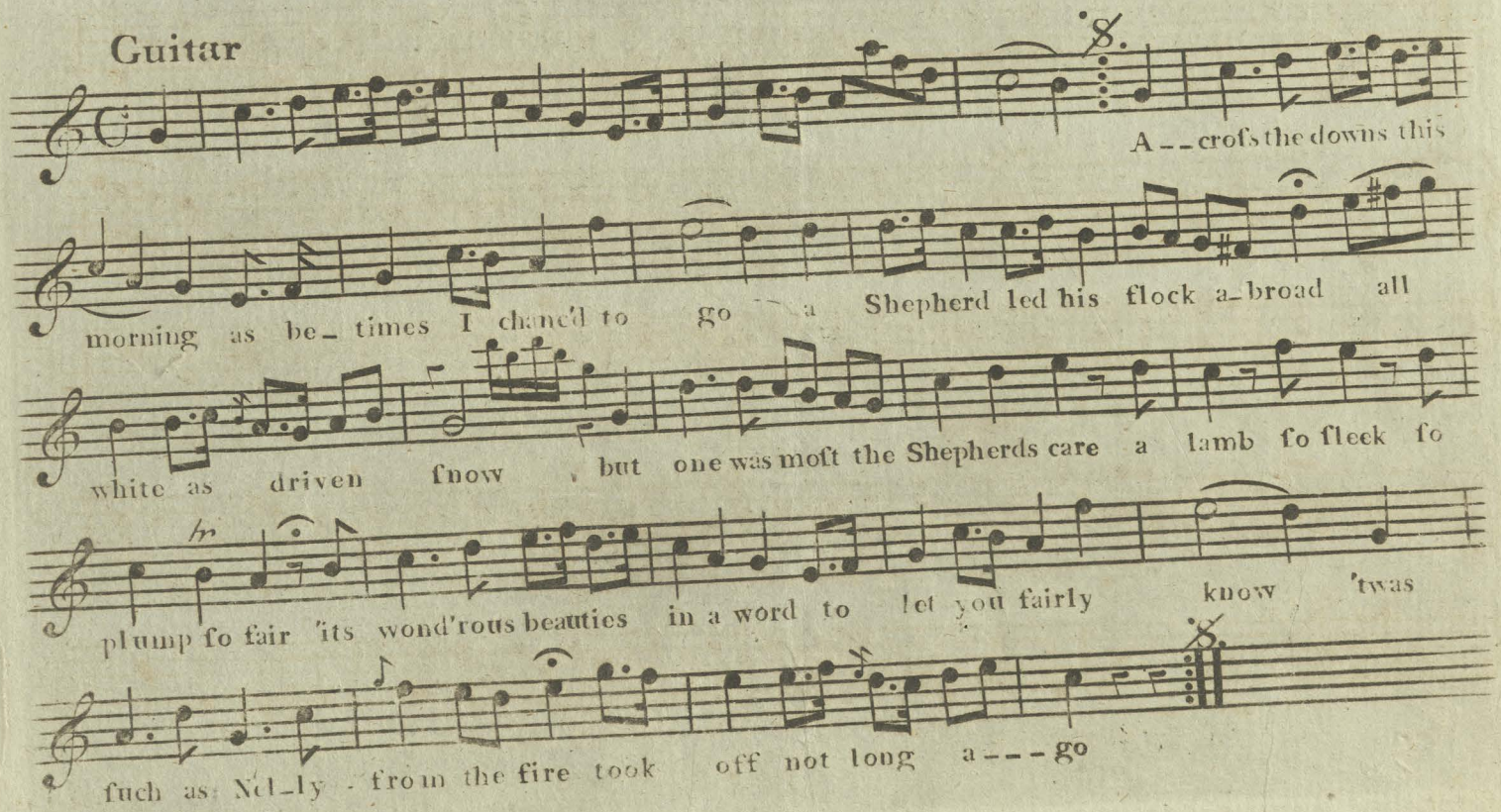
2

This lamb fo blithe as midfummer
His frolick gambols play'd
And now of all the flock a head
The pretty wanton ftray'd
A Wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes
Ruth'd forth and feiz'd the tender prize
The fhepherd faw and rais'd a ftone
So round fo large I vow
Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the fhelf juft now

3

This monftrous ftone the fhepherd flung
And well his aim he took
Yet fcarce the favage creature deign'd
Around to caft a look
But fled as fwift with footftep light
As he who brought the wine to night
I tried to ftop the thief but he
Turn'd round in rage good lack
So mad the lawyer fcarce can be
That's hid in yonder fack.

Guitar


A-- crofs the downs this
morning as be- times I chanc'd to go a Shepherd led his flock a-broad all
white as driven fnow but one was moft the Shepherds care a lamb fo fleek fo
plump fo fair 'its wond'rous beauties in a word to let you fairly know 'twas
fuch as Nel-ly from the fire took off not long a--- go

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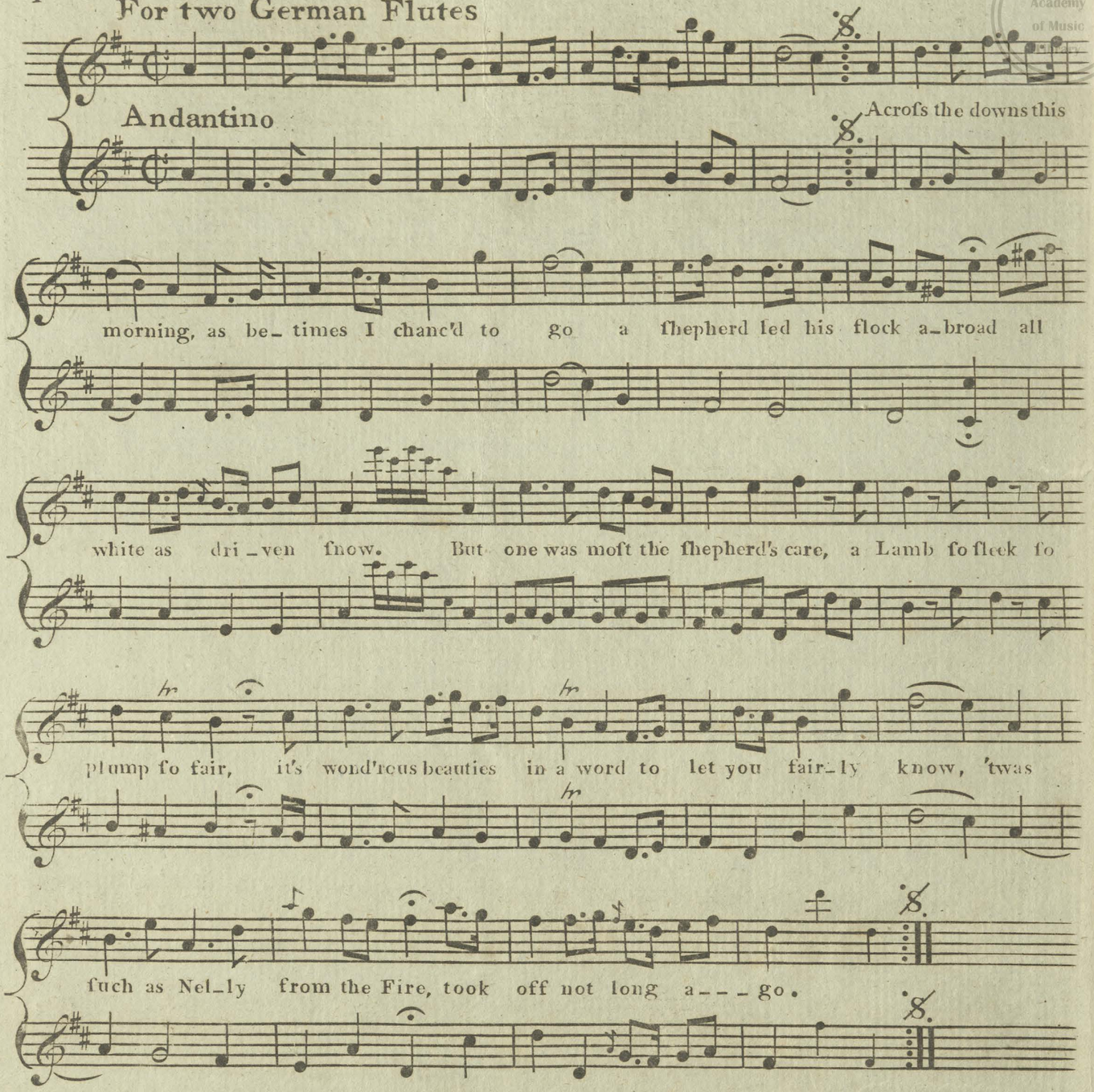
For two German Flutes

Andantino


Acrofs the downs this
morning, as be_ times I chanc'd to go a fhepherd led his flock a_broad all
white as dri_ven fnow. But one was moft the fhepherd's care, a Lamb fo fleek fo
plump fo fair, it's wond'rous beauties in a word to let you fair_ly know, 'twas
fuch as Nel_ly from the Fire, took off not long a___go.

This Lamb fo blithe as midfummer
His frolick gambols play'd
And now of all the flock a head
The pretty wanton ftray'd
A Wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes
Ruth'd forth and feiz'd the tender prize
The fhepherd faw and rais'd a ftone
So round fo large I vow
'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the fhelf juft now.

This monftrous ftone the fhepherd flung
And well his aim he took
Yet fcarce the favage creature deign'd
Around to caft a look
But fled as fwift with footftep light
As he who brought the wine to night
I tried to ftop the thief but he
Turn'd round in rage good lack
So mad the lawyer fcarce can be
That's hid in yonder fack.